



Featuring The Artist Akala. Writers: K. Daley & R. Safinia and Producers: Reza Safinia, IllAudio and Cloaks. All songs mixed and mastered by Anthony Lim at Premier Mastering.
Photography by Paul Hampartsoumian. Artwork by Tim Fox. timfox@illthomson.com. Executive Producers: Anthony Dormant and Niomi Maclean Daley.

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Akala - Welcome to Dystopia Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

Conform x15
It's bigger than your local colloquium
In a world that is dystopian
Kid's aren't born in fallopian
They're grown in tubes and inserted growth in them
But this ain't the type of pollution we place in the ocean
It's apathy, stench we can't quench
Don't matter who inhabits the bench
Or wig or gown, hammer or crown, oval or down
Jokes on us, we're not even frowning
Smiling villany, the wickedest tyranny
Is the one that says fuck you so nice
You say thanks, and shake hands
Say he's your man, forget all your plans
Reach your hand out you see your in bondage
The idea of beauty is bloneness and other such nonsense
What our response is?
Conform and amputate conscience
Conform. Obey
Transform. Sleep easy
Ah, that good old human conditioning
Ever since days of the pyramids
Make us invalid, which means invalid
Wrestle with things we can't manage
Like peace and equality
Which minority is the authority?
Whoever has property, it's all idolatry
Even if you have no image of God, do you follow me?
Do we not all worship money?
When you think about it it's quite funny
Can't eat money, can't breathe money
Can't inject it and kill disease money
But we pray at it all till we're guns and tanks
And offer the money god a million sacrificial lambs
Who's the priest in charge of sacrificial plans?
Let us pray and hold hands
War is peace - ignorance strength - freedom is slavery x3
Not only do we believe that creed
We hold it deep and praise it as bravery
Along with the vision and difference
So we can maintain the belligerence
To their pain, feel no shame
It's all just stages in a video game
That our kids play kill, kill, kill

Death is such a thrill, thrill, thrill
Swallow junk, still feel ill
Take blue pill, pill, pill
Sometimes I feel like I'm losing my mind
I do believe our nature's kind
Just confused and we're so far gone
Got no clue how to right these wrongs
So we bury our head in the sand or the desk
Anywhere but inside of our flesh
If I looked at my self - I would see I am the enemy
I am not honest nor kind nor caring nor sharing
Or any of the many thing that I pretend to be
I'm selfish and arrogant, and obedient
Follow truth only when it's convenient
Accept laws that I know that deceive me
So I can sleep in my bed easy
Don't blame governments, they are just us
If they are corrupt, then we are corrupt
Look back through history
What makes you think that we would act differently?
If we were in power
We would devour whoever the underclass were like cowards
The question is, is this inevitable?
Is there good or evil?
Some say it's overspill from days when we were tribal
I don't buy that I think you will find that
That's an excuse if we just don't buy facts
Everything we really need to survive actually makes us feel good inside
Sex feels good, food feels good
Damn, even taking a pill feels good!
So if war and hate were our natural causes
Why would we need conditioning for it?
But I ain't gonna forfeit my privileges
Now I'll get back in line and follow my orders

Akala - Faceless People Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

The faceless people (x4)

[Hook:]

We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people, people

[Verse 1:]

As the world turns, so does my head
I need a little leg just to butter my bread
Gets a little bitter but I've gotta get fed
Never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead
I am the invisible man, you can't be me
I am the invisible man, you can't see me
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D
Come and meet me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]

We are the faceless
We are the faithless
Here today, tomorrow we're gone
But nothing is wrong
It's the same song, we're invisible
Nothing can change us
Or rearrange us
We come and we go but nobody knows
And nobody shows
We ain't nobody, we're invisible
We are the faceless people, people
We are the faceless people, people

[Hook:]

We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be

[Verse 2:]

As the world turns, so does my head
I need a little leg just to butter my bread
It's a little bitter but I've gotta get fed
And I've never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead
I'm your worst teacher

Your favorite student
Frivolous spender, your saving is foolish
Lads on a bender, come on let's do this
I'm the pretender but I speak trueness

[Bridge:]

[Verse 3:]
Can't you see what is happening to us here
We are tearing apart tryna keep it near
Can't you see what's happening to us here, my dear...
I don't wanna wake up feeling like a wasteaway
I'm gonna save it for another rainy day
I wanna raise these stakes in the game I play
But I can feel it all slipping out my way
Because I am the invisible man, you can't see me
Being the invisible man is not easy
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D
Can't beat me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]

Akala - I Don't Need Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

yo listen

okay.

I don't need for you to have long blonde weave down to your knees,
I don't need for you to have the latest boo tissues or Christian d'ore dress,
I don't need in-fact I don't want you to parade around in your underwear and booty shake for me in a video, I
don't need for you to sing RnB.

I don't need for you to be an independent woman and I don't wanna be an independent man.
But if we can get along and laugh and talk and have sex and dream and laugh and talk and still like each
other. Then maybe just maybe we can depend on each other.

I don't need for you to wear red lipstick or lip gloss or face dust, I like your face just fine as it is,
I don't need for you to paint your nails or to add fake ones i think they look kinda silly,
i don't need to see your cleavage or your thighs I'm still getting over your eyes and your smile and i don't
need any more distractions.
I don't need in fact i don't want you to sit a certain way or talk like this or walk like a supermodel, I don't need
you to loose weight.

I do need stimulating conversation, its like dead perez said I need mind sex,
I do need to laugh with you, I do need to dream with you, I do need to be able to be honest with you.

Maybe I'm getting old but I'm finding that when you get to know a woman vertically they can be incredibly
interesting, inspiring creatures. Just watching you work, watching you think, watching you eat. Maybe I'm
getting old but I cant be bothered to follow my dick around everywhere, I'm happy here and to be honest I
just ain't got the energy.
Maybe I'm getting old but I feel like its okay to be vulnerable, to be upset, to admit I ain't the biggest, baddest,
strongest man on the planet and sometimes I feel inadequate.
Maybe I'm getting old but I just don't need it any more

Yah know...

Akala - Peace Lyrics

Peace is on the way,
Peace is on the way.
By the sword they say.

After this, this last blow, last chop
Last drop
Peace is on the way
After this, this last scream, last shout, last trample of boot.

Just one more, one last rubble wreck where once were dreams housed,
Last plane, last flame, last sky.
Peace is on the way.

Just one more naked Vietnamese girl,
Be she Russian, Israeli, Palestinian or Great Great, Great, Really Great British.

Just one more placard wielding warrior and this last sword-slinging gunman.

Just one more song of machine-gun metal hurtling Death to outrun life

Just one more war,
Then we can have peace.

Then we can have peace.

Akala - Yours and My Children Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

Right here dangerous idea
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear
If there's no fear there's no control
If there's no control someone's gotta let go
They say I Shouldn't say too much they might delete me
Realize I don't really care about tv
Keep your awards your applause I'm easy
All I can do in this life is just be me
Pilger can say it so can Niomi Kline
Its free speech for them that's fine
Young black rapper should utter the same words
Utterly absurd nutter insane nerd
Even the fact I call myself 'black'
Social conditioning and that's a fact
The idea of races has no factual basis
It was made just to serve racists
To justify to doing to some what couldn't be done
To others but they all are our sons
Black or white all of our sons
Muslim Christian all of our sons
Look up in the sky that's all of our Sun
Last time I checked we only had one
So if some were superior

others inferior based on exterior
Well then surely the sun would know and fall in to line'
It would rain on your crops and not mine'
Air would prefer to inhabit your lungs'
Food would prefer the taste of your tongue'
If that's not the case then nature has declared
Despite what we say the worlds in fact fair

Chorus:

Kids in Iraq
Yours and my children
Kids in Iran
Yours and my children
Afghanistan
Yours and my children
Even Sudan
Yours and my children
Kids in brazil
Yours and my children
Police drive by the favela and just kill them
Kids in brazil

Yours and my children
Police drive by the favela and just kill them
Right here dangerous idea
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear
If there's no fear there's no control

Akala - Find No Enemy Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [Find No Enemy](#)

Apparently I'm second generation black Caribbean
And half white Scottish whatever that means
See lately I feel confused with the boxes
Cause to me all they do is breed conflict
It's not that I've lost touch with the reality
Racism, sexism and nationality
Just to me it all seems like insanity
Why must I rob you of your humanity
To feel good about mine?
It's all about crime
Dehumanizing is how I justify it
So I must keep on lying about the history of Africa
So I can live the with massacres
And repeat my mantra of Muslim and terrorist
So I can sleep at night as bombs take flight
Eyes wide but I'm blind to the sight
Too busy chasing the perfect life
And the working class keep them uneducated
Truly educated men could never be racist
To educate is to draw out what is within
Are we not all not the same under the skin?
I got a heart like yours that pumps blood and oxygen
And insecurities are a whole lot of them I'm scared like you deep down
I really do care that world is not fair like you
But I don't even believe my own prayers like you
Chasing career going nowhere like you
Lost in a fog of my own insecurities
I hold myself up as a image of purity
And I judge everybody else
By the color of their skin or the size of their wealth
But it's not good for my health
As the only one I ever really judge is myself
The oppressor must suffer like the oppressed
Though I pretend I'm in control of this mess
By inflating my ego, puffing my chest
I see my weakness, and need to show strength
Or what we think strong is because if we're honest?
True strength is the strength to be honest
And if I'm honest I am just tired
If I'm honest I am just tired
Tired of everyday filling up my car and knowing that
I'm paying for the bombs in Iraq
Tired of pretending like it don't hurt my heart
Of wanting change but not knowing where to start
Tired of listening to all the conditioning

And all the forms they have me filling in
Next time you see what is a thug and despise him
Please know I was just like him
Cause I was like eight the first time I saw crack
Same time I first smoked weed choking on blowbacks
First time I saw knives penetrate flesh
It was meat cleavers to the back of the head
As I grew and teenage years passed
Many more knives pierced and the shots blast
And I not saying I had the worst upbringing
But there's a million young men just like me in prison
We complain about racism and elevate clowns
With their trousers down swinging their dicks round
Maybe that is not quite literal
But everything they do is just as stereotypical
To my real fans I feel your pain
And I get the messages, but don't complain
That we ain't got more fame for paying our part
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
Calling it black radio, don't make laugh
So is black music all about tits and arse?
You don't represent nothing, you're just pretending
When was the last time you ever played Hendrix?
Or Miles Davis or John Coltrane?
Or Ella Fitzgerald or Billie Holiday?
We can call it urban to me that's cool
If urban means street, that includes jazz too
And rock for that matter
Go ask Mick Jagger or Jimmy Page what they were listening to - the blues
Not discrediting, love Zeppelin too, just giving credit where credit is due
That blood soaked word rappers still use
All it really shows is that we still self abuse
That was the word that was used to kill Kelso Cochrane and Emmett Till
That was the word that the conscience eased
And made people pleased to hung you from trees
That was the word that let the whips crack
No matter what you say you can't take it back
And I can say their black so I feel their pain easier
But 1915 look at Armenia
If the whole world is human stupidity
Though we choke ourselves to death quite literally
And I can talk with my comfortable mouth
With my comfortable clothes and my comfortable house
The tables will turn, we can but stall them
Every empire on this earth has fallen
So unless we can find another way
Maybe not today, but it will come one day
It may sound like I'm bitter but in fact truth be told I am quite the opposite
I wake everyday and am overwhelmed
Just to be alive and be like no one else

And the sheer weight of the thought of space
Is enough to keep my little ego in place
All that we chase and try to replace all along it was right in our face
The only way we can ever change anything
Is to look in the mirror and find no enemy
The only way we can ever change anything
Look in the mirror and find no enemy

Akala - What Is Real (III Audio) Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

Will you you talk about being from the hood, like we're glad
Wear it proud, like it's a badge
But I'll be damned if, when I'm a dad my kids don't have more than I had
Please don't confuse your situation, with identity, it's not the same thing
You were pharaohs and scholars, long before the day you were armed robbers,
But, whatever, it's dumb to be clever, better to act like your brains been severed
Like these Americans so called "artists" boasting about their latest garments
But the same labels make it very clear, they don't make clothes for dark skin
Can't you see they're laughing? The question that I'm asking.

Real,
Is it real, really?
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really? (Is it real really?)
I doubt it's real really.

Real,
Is it real, really? (dolla dolla bill y'all)
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really?
I doubt it's real really. (uh, get money)

Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain!
Come on let's pop champagne!
Come on let's pop champagne!

Sorry, if I don't dance enough for the radio to play my stuff,
And got no girls in the video playing the silly ho loco shakin' their butts
I thought that rap was about content, I see now that's just nonsense
We judge MC's by the Bentleys, and how much they can have no conscience
How many chains can you wear, and not care, the cost was a village somewhere,
Stones of begets, slowly forget, this ain't the first time there were chains on your neck,
It was much worse, choose to accept, but now vexed, just perplexed
Of course that's all us people do all day, is pop champagne and have sex!
Why am I lying, I can't stand it, Chip on my shoulders the size of a planet!
I organic on the mike and the flames I will fan it
To burn down the galaxy I'm up to the challenge
Burn down the fallacy, scorch it with talent

Burn down the anarchy, restore the balance
I am the war with New York to Paris
No fun now around me, I'm far too savage
Yeah, hittin with knowledge, 'cuz we import it, ignoramus
You're playin' the stereotype, so of course you're famous
If for just one second you took your head from out your anus
You would see the motivation for your elevation

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

Still, I got love for you, though it's very clear that you hate yourself,
I'm just saying don't fall for the crap, being from the ghetto don't make you more black
Also the fact: this is bigger than the color of your skin,
It's a matter that we're all in,
Dumber you act, the bigger the cheer,
The bigger the fool, the bigger career,
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
So by keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
By keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
(Feeding your face on the foods that are?) dumb, keeping yourself eating the crumbs,
elevating some fool with a gun, keeping ourselves numb,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,

Have you forgotten what is real?
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Couple tattoos, few bullet wounds? Silly songs? Illiterate tunes?
That tattoo may as well say coon, may as well grunt just like a baboon
That's what people see when they look at me, though they may applaud my stupidity
It's like sharks in a shark tank, watch them tear each other apart
Find the sharks entertaining, but that don't mean that we think they're smart,
Or are for that matter, you maybe call yourself a rapper,
Disrespect women, but, but you are the one who is a slapper,
You get paid to degrade yourself, publicly castrate yourself

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

We all play our positions, convinced that we are so different,
Accept these doctrines, and this nonsense, and we take these options,
Without one second, never questioning just what the cost is,
You're not a hater, you can't relate to the lowest denominator, dominator!
No, I don't wanna read the Source, I'd rather read some of Plato's thoughts,
Of course, let us not ever forget, the place in which where he was taught,
So if it ain't clear, none of these clown rappers could be my peers,
It's philosophical, historical, speculations that I thought were rhetorical,
like what's real, is it my face if an atom is nothing but empty space?
Why the rock feel solid when I'm on it and a comet could collide with the Earth and dislodge it?
Or maybe sonnets, metaphoric, promises the tonic for all that (is chronic?)
Illness, apathy, ignorance tapestry that they weave to turn us into batteries.

What is real?
What is real?
What is real?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

Have you forgotten what is real?
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Akala - It's Not That Serious Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

I know we only live our life based on what they think
Cause we think it matters but I reckon
If we didn't care for just one second
We'd be much happier
Realize your life is your's to live
Tell your friends or your parents and what they think
You want the whole thing
Four kids and a good job a big house and quiet down
And thats cool, stay in school. Go to uni with those like you
If on the other hand you want to travel the world just to meditate
Thats what you should do
You don't need permission from the state line commission just to be who you are
Follow your heart, follow your dreams like a kid again
They want to write you off, with the end of the bitter pen, let them have it
They'll come around eventually
If not it wasn't meant to be
Its their problem
June or December, theres one small thing that I think we should remember

It's not that serious
Sometimes I want to fight
Sometimes I want to cry
But then I must remind myself
It's not that serious
We're gonna make it through
And find a better way
That works for me and you

If you don't conform, society whips you with its displeasure
If they were happy they wouldn't care
Whichever way that you chose, what you do with your time
Long as you ain't hurtin' no one, then thats fine
Problem is we hate to see another live the life that we dream
And I don't mean big screen and flashiness
Just free, carefree, true happiness
Wake everyday excited whats to come
Never work a minute when doing something you love
So when we judge, ask why, is it because we feel life passed us by
It's never too late to get rid of the stress
Theres a whole world out there
Just look up from your desk and say that the world is mine
And if you're not having a good time, then you're wasting your time

You know, yo

People think I'm really serious, right
And I was for a long time
I'm not gonna lie and pretend I wasn't
But, then I realize that sometimes you just got enough
I mean, I'm not as serious as people think
Yeah I like to talk about the issues in the world
But at the same time, we can't let them bog us down
Yes, the world is not perfect, we all know that
Its just not that serious
Go to a comedy show, man
Take a bubble bath, or, I don't know, buy a pink dressing gown
Do something crazy that people wouldn't expect you to do
Let's drop these things called egos on the floor
Stamp on them, and try to get on with it, and realize that its just-
Just don't take yourself do god damn serious

What about the problems in the world?
Things ain't golden
Yeah, I agree
But will worrying solve them?
No, I'm not saying ignore
By all means do something if you feel for a cause
But you can't feel poor enough
To enrich one single person on this planet
And you can't feel bad enough
To fill one single soul with happiness
So, the biggest challenge we face, is just keeping a smile on our face
If stock markets crash, or girlfriends leave you, people don't like what they see when they see you
Football teams lose, bands will split
But the thing we must remember is this-
Its just not that serious
It really is not

Today walk up to somebody and talk to them find out how their day was
Don't worry if they think you're crazy- which they probably will
And you people in the train-
When you don't want no one peering over your shoulder to read your letter
Stop taking yourself so god damned seriously
Its just your newspaper. If I want to read a bit of your newspaper, whats the problem?
You should open it up, and let me have a good look
Yeah? Thank you
Ladies and gentlemen, this is Akala, not taking himself very seriously
And there are probably a lot of people that are angry about that and think I've gone crazy
"Why am I not screwing up my face? Why am I not trying to be the best grime MC?"
I'm trying to make nice relaxing songs
Whats my problem? I haven't got a problem, its just that I stopped taking myself so god damn seriously
Thats it. Have a good day